

POETRY.

EX-PRESIDENT JACKSON.

The subjoined tribute to the great and good JACKSON, was written for the occasion by a young Lady of Attleboro', Mass. and read amid much applause at the Democratic Celebration in that town on the Eighth of January last. What makes the lines more valuable, (says the Bay State Democrat,) is from the remark frequently heard in 1840, that there was not a lady in Attleboro' who was with the Democrats in heart or principle. If we could not then, we now find them using their pens in poetic strains, in praise of him, who has through a long life nobly sustained Democratic principles.

"All hail to the Hero, all hail to the Statesman,
All hail to the sage, the just pride of a nation;
No sceptres we offer, no crowns we bestow,
But the tribute of hearts that with gratitude flow.
Then hail to the Hero, and hail to the Statesman
And hail to the sage, the just pride of a nation.

In Jackson, his country inherits a treasure,
In greatness, he surely has filled up the measure;
To Washington's only, will his glory surrender—
One, Father of his country—the other, Defender.
Then hail to Hero, &c.

When the war of our freedom commenc'd in its strife,
He shoulder'd his musket, in the morn of his life;
And though he was captured, he told them so brave
That if he was prisoner, he was not their slave.
Then hail to the Hero, &c.

When England, still hating, our country insulted—
Her banners despoil'd—and her seamen assaulted—
To meet her oppressors, he foremost was found,
The first to the rescue—the last from the ground.
Then hail to the Hero, &c.

When Pakenham's watch-word was 'booty and beauty,'
How nobly he taught his brave soldiers their duty;
Then praise him, ye ladies, he sav'd you from shame;
O! bless from your hearts the old Hero's name.
Then hail to the Hero, &c.

And may to our country no more be awarded,
The reproach of republics—ungrateful and sordid;
But cleans'd be the stain that's long sullied its beauty,
By remitting the fine, paid for doing his duty.
Then hail to the Hero, &c.

Retired from the field to the Hermitage bowers,
His country still calls, and again he is ours;
And many who censured his measures as bold,
Have been forced to admit what his wisdom foretold.
Then hail to the Hero, &c.

Confined in his chamber by sickness and age,
Still blooms in youth's vigor the mind of the sage;
When his country is mention'd, his eye lights with fire,
And sheds forth the pure beams that religion inspire.
Then hail to the Hero, &c.

May eternity's visions, as o'er him they creep,
Be as bright as the page that Fame's record shall keep;
And when earth can no longer his spirit employ,
May he hear the glad call, 'enter into my joy!'
Then hail to the Hero, and hail to the Statesman,
And hail to the sage, the just pride of a nation."

JACKSON'S ADDRESS

To his Army before the battle of New Orleans.
Stand, my heroes bravely stand,
Firm, united, heart and hand;
Now our loved, our native land
Calls for her chivalry.

Who to him who'd be a slave?
Death to him who'd be a knave!
Nerve each arm my gallants brave,
To strike for Liberty!

See the troops of Wellington,
Like a war cloud rolling on;
They for pillage hither come,
And with them slavery!

Hear ye not the war-drum's sound
Rolls its echoes round and round?
Gallants stand! or 'twill be found
The knell of Liberty!

See you red cross waving high!
Streaming on the morning sky!
It proclaims the foeenigh—
Proud England's chivalry!

But our banner floats as proud,
Freedom's band around it crowd,
Guard it safe, or be your shroud
The flag of Liberty!

Look behind you, what is there?
Mothers chaste, and virgins fair!
Will you leave them to despair—
To woe and infamy?

Vengeance hurl upon the foe!
Deal them death in every blow!
Is it fate we fight for? No—
Our homes and Liberty!

THE EMBODIMENT OF WHIGGERY—ITS PHASES.

Mr. Clay is said to be the embodiment of whig principles, and he is the acknowledged champion of a United States Bank.

Four years ago, whig principles were embodied in Gen. Harrison, and he had declared the United States Bank a mere private corporation of trade, and was in favor of the Legislature of Ohio passing laws forbidding the Bank to collect their debts in the State Courts, and forbidding our Courts, Justices, &c. the Peace, Judges and Grand Jurors from taking any cognizance of any wrong alleged to have been committed against the Bank.

Four years hence, we should not be surprised if whiggery was again embodied in another Bank destructionist.—Stat. man.

"It has been truly said of Henry Clay, that he is the living impersonation and embodiment of whig principles."—Whig Address.
The Illinois Gazette, after reading the above, asked if it would not be advisable for the whig party to get the life of Mr. Clay insured? What a loss the whigs would sustain, should they lose their principles by the sudden death of Mr. Clay!

A case is mentioned of a miller in Michigan, who bolted a lot of his neighbor's flour, sold it and bolted himself!

REMARKS OF MR. ARCHBOLD, OF MONROE.

In the House of Representatives, February 17th, 1844, the question pending being on agreeing to the report of Mr. Duncan, from the majority of the committee of Conference on the Retrenchment Bill.

Mr. ARCHBOLD said: That members who felt it their duty to vote against agreeing to the report of the committee of Conference, could not, by any legitimate mode of reasoning, be charged with opposition to the whole bill, or with any design to defeat its final passage, when placed in a more acceptable shape. He could not conceive how gentlemen arrived at the conclusion, that a second committee of Conference would endanger the bill. It certainly could have no such effect, if members remained firm in their determination in its favor. In that case, the commitment to a second committee of Conference, would no more endanger the life of the bill than the passage of members from this Hall to that of the American, at dinner time would endanger their personal safety. The committee of Conference could report by Monday or Tuesday.—Gentlemen need not suspect him of any covert design to defeat the bill. If such were his object he would avow it. He preferred marching to his object in a right line, rather than by any sinuous paths. The shortest and most direct route was not only the best, but the safest. Be frank with the world, was a maxim, not only of morality but of sound policy. Was there a man within these walls who could bear to trifle with a generous and confiding constituency? Was there a man who was about to support this bill, with all its imperfections on its head, from mere temporizing views of expediency, or from a selfish calculation of its effects on his own personal or political prospects? If such there were, he could not but warn them that selfishness was often mistaken, and that crooked policy often defeated its own ends. He almost asked pardon of the House for making these suggestions. He could not, and would not suppose that gentlemen were conscious of themselves of acting from such motives; but such motives might give a bias to their thoughts, and even a direction to their official conduct, without a perfect consciousness, on their part of the influence under which they were acting.—The illusions of self-love would account for this. And it was necessary on trying occasions like the present, to listen to the voice of that stern arbiter within the breast, who demanded unlimited obedience to the hard dictates of duty, without reference to expediency; and even to strengthen the impression of that voice by a recollection of that inexorable bar before which representatives and constituents must alike appear.

It could not be denied that the bill had imperfections, as he had fully pointed out those imperfections in a former stage of the proceedings, decent self-respect, and a regard for consistency, without which, self-respect could not be maintained, demanded that he should not yield to his unlimited assent, without an effort to purge off its imperfections.

Indeed, if he was inclined to sacrifice his sense of duty, to his love of ease, he was not in a situation to gratify his inclinations. He had been treated with immeasurable cruelty and injustice by the newspaper-press, and some of its bitterest denunciations had been heaped on his head, in reference to his former action on this bill. He stood and acted in the presence of vigilant and implacable political enemies, and if they could successfully fasten on him a charge of inconsistency, the vocabulary of Billingsgate and the Five-points, would be ransacked for terms and epithets of opprobrium and reproach, with which to load him. He had, therefore, no choice left, whether he listened to the voice of duty or of expediency, he must maintain his former position. Endeavor to amend, and then support the bill. Gentlemen need not doubt this. He made no boast of political acumen, but he trusted he had enough of that quality to perceive, what the situation of himself, and a few of his more immediate political friends, demanded. They had been sneeringly called TREASURY GUARDS. This epithet had been bestowed upon them, as a term of contumely and reproach. He ventured to predict, that it would yet become a title, not of reproach, but of honor. That the time would, ere long, arrive, when gentlemen would wish that they had joined that little corps of undaunted spirits, who constituted the original TREASURY GUARDS.—That the Journals would be ransacked, and sometimes in vain, in order to show the smallest glimpse of title to that appellation. The passage of this bill, would create allies to the GUARDS, in every County in the State. Self-interest was sharp-sighted.—Men, who were required to perform onerous duties for inadequate compensation, would soon discover the origin of the public burthens. They would discover, that the Canal tax stood in relation to the general revenue, nearly in the proportion of six to one, in other words, that the people of this good State, were burthened with an annual charge equal to the maintenance of seven such governments as our own. He knew that, nominally, the disproportion was not so great, but large transfers had been made from the civil list, to the canal fund. Men would soon perceive, that the voice of the man, who was endeavoring to call the government back to the performance of its simple and appropriate duties, was not the voice of a Jacobin, an agrarian, a disorganizer, and a barn-burner, as some gentlemen, in their excited feelings, had mistakenly declared, soon after the commencement of the session. Men would begin to perceive, in that voice, the tones of a mild and beneficent philosophy, calling for the action of the government to descend, like the dews of Heaven, in blessings and benefits upon all—in heavy burthens and rigorous exactions upon none. He must be dull, indeed, if he did not perceive these advantages to himself, and his political friends; he was, therefore, in favor of the final passage of the bill; but it had many imperfections, and he wished it re-committed, and should, therefore, vote against agreeing to the report of the present committee.

From the Boston Post.
THE MORALITY OF THE COONS!
The Boston Atlas says that the democrats in Congress,
"By shamefully abusing, blackguarding, and attempting to intimidate members who oppose them on the floor of that house—by threatening, over-awing, and holding up the terrors of invitation to the test of duelling, are using the strongest efforts to destroy the FREEDOM OF DEBATE."

Henry Clay, the whig candidate for the presidency, mimicked the infirm steps of the venerable SAMUEL SMITH, (a member of the U. S. Senate from Maryland) on the floor of the Senate, and taunted and blackguarded him upon the infirmities of his age, in the presence of the Senators of the nation.

Henry Clay wrote the challenge which Graves sent to Cilley to meet him in mortal combat, which invitation was accepted and Cilley was murdered by Graves, in consequence of "words spoken in debate," denouncing the profligate conduct of the United States Bank.

Henry Clay attempted to browbeat and bully the Hon. Mr. Choate, during a session of the last Congress, for "words spoken in debate."

Henry Clay, while Secretary of State, challenged John Randolph to mortal combat, for "words spoken in debate" upon the floor of the United States Senate, and endeavored to take his life by shooting at him with a pistol loaded with powder and a bullet.

Henry Clay, while in the House of Representatives of the United States, at the time he was a member of the Senate, said in an under tone, alluding to Mr. Polk, who was then the presiding officer of the House, "go home, G—d—n you where you belong."

This is the Henry Clay whom the whigs of Massachusetts have nominated as their candidate for the Presidency; and whom the Boston Atlas supports for that office, while it fills its columns with such consummate hypocrisy, impudence and mendacity, as we have quoted above. If the swaggering braggadocio of the Atlas who vaunts so much upon what mighty things he would do if he were at Washington—wishes to present to the American people the most outrageous instances of blackguardism and billying which have been witnessed in our national legislature, and the most desperate and unjustifiable attempts to suppress the "freedom of debate" by "holding up the terror of invitation to the test of duelling," let him publish a true history of the public career of his candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

The Atlas says—
"An All Wise Providence never permitted a more arbitrary, domineering, destructive set of villains to infest any nation under the light of its bright sun than these self styled 'DEMOCRATS' who are now attempting to establish their sway over our land. If the people do not turn out in masses, and crush the scoundrels into the earth so far down that they will never again dare to raise their eyes towards the high places of the land, then the people will be no longer worthy to enjoy the blessings which are vouchsafed to them, or the liberty bequeathed them by their fathers."

This is the language of a journal that talks about the "the ferocity" and "blackguardism" of the democrats—a journal whose indecent violence and unjust criminations have repeatedly excited the disgust and reproof of the members of its own party, and the loathing scorn of its opponents."

SHORT PATENT SERMON, ON DANCING.

BY DOW, JR.

My dear hearers—I have no doubt but the subject before me might be a source of Buncum delight to young men afflicted with levity, and girls of hypocritical giddiness, were I to descend upon it according to their notions of fun, pleasure and happiness, in this talking sort of a world. I would not have you to think that I am totally opposed to dancing in every shape—for the very reason that I used to heel and toe it a trifle, ere my legs had refused to perform the bidding of the will, as it is now the case. But the fact is, I want to cut it down altogether—I carried the step too far—went the double shuffle too mightily—but I couldn't help it. I was obliged to mind the music and keep up with my partner, and the way she would balance up right and left, was significant of something more than nothing. I soon began to lose health, flesh, cash and morality; and finally told all the frivolities of the world to go to pot and I would go to preaching, preach good morals, moderation, temperance, love and particular cautious step in the scientific practice of dancing. I don't like the looks of such balls as they have lately nor how they manage matters. Artificial corruptness covers over and destroys all that beautiful simplicity which graces the domestic circle. The girls are all so tipsy with false beauty and flippant jigs, that a fellow loses his heart before he knows it; and the plague of it is, he don't know which of the fair ones has got it.—Generally speaking, it's much better for him if he never finds it out; for he should take it into consideration, that every thing is not gold that glitters—neither is every girl an angel, though she glides through the mazes of the dance like a spirit clothed with the rainbow and studded with the stars. He may behold his admired object, on the morrow, in true light of reality—perchance emptying a wash tub in the gutter, with frock turned up behind; her cheeks pale for want of paint, her hair matted and mossy, except what lies in the bureau; and her whole contour bearing the appearance of an angel rammed through a bush fence into a world of wretchedness and woe. Now my dear friends supposing a young man does happen to find his snatched up beauty in such a predicament? I say it is a glorious recommendation for him, and if he don't like it he must keep away from such a place where loveliness is so patched up for the occasion, and where a devil and a seraph are only one and the same thing.—Every ball now-a-days, is a masquerade, their attendants are as false as they appear to be fair; and when daylight comes to unmask them they can boast of no great attractions, either inside or out. They are too fond of blowing it out 'till daylight appear, instead of hanging up their fiddles at eleven o'clock, and winding off with "Lord dismiss us with a blessing," as was the case in the good old days of yore. Dancing has been gathering a thick coat of corruption for a long time. The primitive Shaker jigs is the only pure pigeon wing, to my notion, though I never went that figure. The old down outside and back is the next natural and simple form of leg worship; the Jim Crow jump is a falling off from either; and the fashionable capers cut at the present day, are all stupid nonsense.—What meaning is there in what they call a cotillon? Its all full of such hog latin as dose-a-dose, lemane all! pussay! alomonde at the corners! chase-here and de-chase here! and so on and so forth.

Waltzing is more stupid yet—nobody can do it really skill unless they have the string-halt in one leg as horses sometimes have. When I see a chap hugging up to a girl, performing constant revolutions at the rate of six to a minute, I can't help suspecting that he is trying to get round her in a very nonsensical way. O, this waltzing is a very silly piece of business. A puppy whirling round after his tail makes a more respectable appearance than a couple of our Heavenly Father's images in the ludicrous position of waltzing. If dancing must be done at all, I say let it be done decently and in order—after the manner of the Times in which I came the jetta to a nicety. Let the figure be simple—keep at a respectable distance while balancing

to partners—and when you get down the middle, don't squeeze hands too tight, and look out for corn plantations on either side.

My beloved friends—it always affords me a full purse of pleasure to see my young pupils happy in the enjoyment of rational pastime. I would not for the world throw aloes in the wine cup of young men; neither could I have the cruelty to force wormwood tea down the delicate throats of those dear delightful angels who honor me with their presence. But while drinking from the pitcher of pleasure, you must be careful and not drink so deep as to make a buzzing quill factory of your cock-lofts. If you do you may stand a chance to learn St. Vitus's dance, or be obliged to dance down the dark alley, to the tune of Delerium Tremens. Think of this my young friend and toe out but like a tea stand—I know full well that you find a good deal of fun in your wild dances; you lose at the time, all sense of present woe; feel light as corks; but mind I tell you; if you keep it up for a night till you get your pores too far open the storm that may blow on the morrow will beat in, till you become water-soaked, and finally sink down beneath the waves of corruption, to rise no more. May each of you weigh my sentiments on the subject, with the steel yards of prudence; dance not on slippery places, and return as far as convenient, towards the good old ways of your ancestors. So mote it be!

A LEAP YEAR STORY—POPPING THE QUESTION.

"But, why don't you get married?" said a bouncing girl, with a laughing eye, to a smooth-faced, innocent looking youth, who blushed up to the eyes at the question.
"Well, I—," said the youth, stopping short with a gasp, and fixing his eyes upon vacancy with a puzzled and foolish expression.
"Well, go on; you what?" said the fair cross-questioner, almost imperceptibly inclining nearer to the young man. "Now just tell me right straight out, you what?"
"Why, I—O, pshaw, I don't know!"
"You do, I say you do know, come, I want to know!"
"O, I can't tell you—"
"I say you can. Why, you know I'll never mention it, and you may tell, of course, you know, for haven't I always been your friend?"
"Well, you have, I know," replied the beleaguered youth.
"And I'm sure I always thought you liked me," went on the maiden in tender and mellow accents.
"O, I do upon my word—yes, indeed I do, Maria," said the unsophisticated youth, very warmly, and he found that Maria had unconsciously placed her hand in his open palm.
Then there was a silence.
"And then—well, John!" said Maria, dropping her eyes to the ground.
"Eh! Oh! well!" said John, dropping his eyes and Maria's hand at the same moment.
"I'm pretty sure you love somebody, John; in fact," said Maria, assuming again a tone of raillery, "I know you're in love, and, John, why don't you tell me all about it at once?"
"Well, I—"
"Well, I O you silly mortal, what is there to be afraid of?"
"O, it's just because I'm afraid of anything at all; and I'll—well now, Maria, I will tell you."

"Well now, John?"
"I—"
"Eh?"
"I—"
"Yes."

"I am in love! now don't tell: you won't will you?" said John, violently seizing Maria by the hand, and looking in her face with a most imploring expression.
"Why, of course you know, John, I'll never breathe a word of it—you know I won't, don't you, John?" This was spoken in a mellow whisper, and the cherry lips of Maria were so near John's ear when she spoke, that had he turned his head to look at her, there might have occurred an exceedingly dangerous collision.
"Well, Maria," said John, "I've told you now, and so you shall know all about it. I have always thought a great deal of you and—"
"Yes, John."

"I am sure you would do anything for me that you could—"
"Yes, John, you know I would."

"Well, I thought so, and you don't know how long I've wanted to talk to you about it."

"I declare, John, I—you might have told me long ago if you wanted, for I'm sure I never was angry with you in my life."

"No, you wasn't; and I have often felt a great mind to, but—"

"It's not too late now, you know, John."

"Well, Maria, do you think I'm too young to get married?"

"Indeed, I do not, John; and I know it would be a good thing for you, too, for every body says the sooner young people are married the better, when they are prudent and inclined to love one another."

"That's just what I think; and now, Maria, I do want to get married, and if you'll just—"

"Indeed, I will, John, for you know I was always partial to you, and I've said so often behind your back."

"Well, I declare, I've all along thought you might object; and that's the reason I've been always afraid to ask you."

"Object! no! I'd die first; you may ask of me just anything you please."

"And you'll grant it?"

"I will."

"Then, Maria, I want you to pop the question for me to Mary Sullivan, for—"

"What?"

"Do you love Mary Sullivan?"

"Oh, indeed I do with all my heart!"

"I always thought you were a fool."

"Eh?"

"I say you're a fool, and you'd better go home, your mother wants you! O, you—you—you stupid!" exclaimed the mortified Maria, in a shrill treble, as she gave poor John a slap on the cheek that sent him reeling. It was noon-day, and yet John declares he saw myriads of stars flashing around him, more than he ever saw before in the night time. Poor Maria

Never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Prey on her damask cheek—
Thus, alas! how often are the germs of young affections cast away! For it is but too true as Davis Crockett beautifully expresses it,
"The course of true love never did run smooth."

Look before you leap.

GUARDIAN'S SALE.

By virtue of an order to me directed, from the Court of Common Pleas of Monroe Co. O. I will offer for sale, at the door of the Court-house in said county, on Monday the 8th day of April next in the case of Edward Archbold, guardian to John Holden, a Lunatic, vs. John Holden, the following lands and tenements to wit: the south west quarter of the south west quarter of section 5 township 6 of range eight and the north west quarter of the south west quarter of same section township and range, containing 82 acres, lying in said county of Monroe
EDWARD ARCHBOLD, Guardian.
March 8, 1844.—4w

Farm for Sale.

THE Subscriber wishes to sell the Farm on which he now resides, lying in Centre township, Monroe County, O. about three and a half miles South of Woodsfield; on the main road from Woodsfield to Sistersville. Said farm contains about 80 acres, 50 acres of which are cleared. There is on said farm a good hewed-log, shingled roofed HOUSE; a hewed log BARN with a shingle roof; also other barns and out houses; together with a well of good water—also a young orchard of about 100 trees. For terms apply to the subscriber living on said farm.
JOHN JACKSON.
March 22, 1844.—p

Sheriff's Sales.

By virtue of a venditioni exponas to me directed, from the Court of Common Pleas, of Monroe County Ohio, I will expose to sale at public outcry, in the town of Lewisville, in Centre township, on Tuesday the 2nd day of April next, between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. and 4 P. M. of said day, the following goods and chattels to wit: one Crop of Tobacco supposed to contain twelve or fifteen hundred pounds; one Red Cow; on Speckled Cow; one heifer 1 year old last spring; 10 head of sheep; one Sorrel Mare, and one four horse Wagon; taken as the property of George Moore at the suit of J. M. Mason.

THOS. MITCHELL, Jr.
Sheriff, M. C. O.

March 22, 1844.

ALSO—

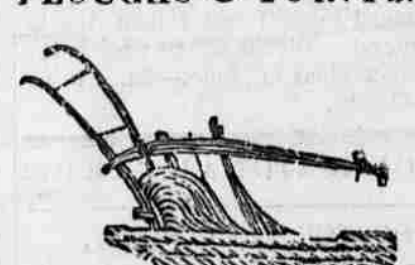
By virtue of a venditioni exponas to me directed from the same Court, I will expose to public sale at the house of Henry Brown in Sundry township in the case of J. Mitchell vs. H. Brown Jr. on the 30th day of March inst. between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. and 4 P. M. on said day, the following goods and chattels, to wit: 1 one horse sleigh, one wind-mill, one speckled cow, one white heifer and one red heifer.
THOMAS MITCHELL Jr. Sheriff M. C. O.
March 19, 1844.

Legal Notice.

State of Ohio, Monroe County.
Amos B. Jones vs. Amos Jones.
Petition to complete real contract.
The Defendant, Amos Jones, will take notice, that on the 11th day of March 1844, the said Amos B. Jones filed in the Court of Common Pleas of said county, his Petition in Chancery, praying for the completion by the said defendant, of a contract entered into on the 5th day of October 1833, between said parties, for the conveyance of the South East quarter of Section No. 18. Township 4, and Range 5, in Monroe County.
N. HOLLESTER,
Sol. for Complt.

March 11, 1844.

PLUGHS & POINTS.



The Subscriber has just received at his shop in

WOODSFIELD.

a large assortment of PLUGHS of various patterns. Also a general assortment of PLOUGH POINTS, consisting in part of the following:

HORNETS Nos. 4 and 5,
Improved Bull,
CRANES Nos. 3 and 5 EVANS' Patent,
TRUE AMERICAN,
Patent Lever No. 8,
Self-Sharpners No. 4,
all which he will sell at reduced prices for cash.

The Subscriber still continues to carry on
BLACKSMITHING,
in all its various branches at his shop in Woodsfield; where waggons will be ironed to order, and iron for same furnished on terms to suit the times.

JEREMIAH OKEY.

March 15, 1844.

LAST CALL.

THE subscriber would politely intimate to those indebted to him for Subscription, Job work or Advertising, that he wishes to settle up the estate of the deceased SENECA. "These, therefore, who are indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment." In looking over the 'assets' of the concern, we find about eleven hundred dollars scattered promiscuously through "the Bazaar" (Monroe) county, and custom and want renders it necessary that it should be called in without delay. You may have a chance during Court to settle, if not by cash, by giving note, and you will surely save costs. The subscriber may be found, during banking hours, at the printing office, next door to the Court-house. (That was a Lie about the "Cashier Warranting.") No bills discounted. "A premium paid for gold and silver."
JAMES M. STOUT.
Woodsfield March 22, 1844.

PROSPECTUS

OF
THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY
A weekly Journal,
TO BE PUBLISHED IN WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

By JAMES R. MORRIS.

In assuming the control of a public Journal, custom renders it necessary, that the Editor should point out the course he intends to pursue. In accordance with this usage, he will briefly say, that he intends to advocate the measures of the Democratic Party; and that he will inscribe on his banner, as the voice of Ohio, the name of MARTIN VAN BUREN, for President of the United States, (subject to the decision of a National Convention,) and the name of DAVID TOD, as the Democratic Candidate for Governor of Ohio. In doing this, the Editor flatters himself, that he meets the approbation of the Democracy of Monroe County.

In addition to the most important News of the day, both Foreign and Domestic, the paper will contain the usual entertaining and instructive variety. One object, which the Editor will keep constantly in view, and of which he hopes never to lose sight, will be to guard the interest of the Farmers, Mechanics, and Working men generally, in relation to their rights and the duties they owe to themselves and posterity.

The Congressional and Legislative news will be given in the proper season; and all laws affecting township officers will be published, each year, before they arrive for distribution.

The Editor has at a considerable expense, purchased a new printing press and materials, and therefore asks that his feeble exertions to please and inform the public, may be met by a corresponding liberality on the part of his fellow-citizens, who are the friends of LIBERTY and EQUAL RIGHTS.

TERMS.

"THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY" will be issued on Friday of each week, on an imperial sheet at \$1.50 a year, in advance; \$2.00 if paid within six months, \$2.50 if paid within the year, and \$3.00 if payment be delayed till the expiration of the year.

No paper will be discontinued, except at the option of the Editor, until all arrears are paid.

All communications sent by mail, must be post paid.

Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

Bank Note Table.

OHIO.

Bank of Exchange, Cincinnati,	failed
Bank of Cincinnati,	failed
Bank of the United States Branch,	failed
Cincinnati and White water canal Co.	failed
Cincinnati Banking and Loan office,	failed
Consolidated Bank & Company,	failed
Farmer's and Mechanic's Bank,	failed
Miami Exporting Co. mpany,	failed
Ohio and Cincinnati Loan Office,	failed
Otis Arnold & Company's Checks,	failed
Pitt (J. H.) & Company's Bank,	failed
Bank of Circleville (new bank) chartered in 1848.	failed
Bank of Hamilton, Hamilton,	failed
Bank of Gallipolis, Gallipolis,	failed
Bank of Steubenville, Steubenville,	failed
Bank of Mansfield, Mansfield,	failed
Bank of Sandusky Bay, L. Sandusky	failed
Western Banking Company,	failed
Bank of West Union, West Union,	failed
Canal Bank, Middletown,	failed
Commercial Bank of L. Erie, Cleveland	failed
Commercial Bank of Scioto, Portsmouth	failed
Farmer's Bank of Canton, Canton,	failed
Farmer's Bank of New Salem, N. Salem,	failed
Farmer's & Mechanic's Bank Chillicothe,	failed
Franklin Silk Company,	failed
German Bank of Wooster, Wooster,	failed
Gaugau Insurance Co. mpany, Painesville,	failed
Granville Alexandria Soc. Granville,	failed
Goshen, Wilmington & Company Colum-	failed
bus Turnpike Company,	failed
Hamilton and Rosville Manufacturing Co.	failed
Jefferson Bank, New Salem,	failed
Kirtland Safety Society, Bank of Kirtland	failed
Lebanon Miami Banking Co. Lebanon,	failed
Lancaster Ohio Bank, Lancaster,	failed
Maumee Insurance Company,	failed
Mat hattan Bank, Mat hattan,	failed
Monroe Falls Manufacturing Company	failed
Miami Exporting Co. Branch, C. East,	failed
Owl Creek Bank, Owl Creek,	failed
Orchard Future Bank, Fulton,	failed
Ohio Rail Road Company, Richmond,	failed
Urbana Banking Company, Urbana,	failed
Washington Bank, Miamisburg,	failed
Western Reserve Farmer's banking Company, in Brighton,	failed
Zanesville Canal & Man. Co. Zanesville	failed